

## The Colonel's Campaign

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGIS

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Col. Leith was proud of his possession. The big, red, vociferous car exactly suited his mood—for he liked to do things hurriedly; he worshiped swiftness. Even now he had left the fort by the valley road and was dustily tearing toward Rockwell City, four miles away.

So Col. Leith went unconsciously on his way, driving his motor car faster and faster—until something happened. Something usually does happen with motor cars. Several things happened first and last with this one and the colonel.

This was a comparatively harmless happening. He cavorted around the bluffs by the city's edge, careened through the deep cut by the river—and came plump on Grace Dewey, daughter of the best known ranchman in the valley.

Her mount reared, but trained horsewoman that she was, she kept her seat in the saddle. The car wheeled and the horse reared again. This time she did not keep her seat, but went down in a limp bundle to the hard road, while the horse raced up the ravine, as if it, too, were working for a speed record.

To make the incident the more striking, Lieut. Roberts just then came cantering down the highway, his accoutrements jangling and his cavalry charger doing its prettiest gait.

Roberts and the colonel were at the girl's side simultaneously.

"I am sure I did not mean—" began the colonel.

"Let me assist you, miss," and the lieutenant was lifting her, his arm around her shoulders and her jaunty hat resting against his coat sleeve. At that identical moment the lieutenant and the colonel parted company as friends. They did not realize that they were at the separation of the ways, but it was so. Miss Dewey opened her eyes, looked into the colonel's face; then recognized the lieutenant—and straightened up, fully recovered. They were not strangers; all had met at Mrs. Marston's reception a month before.

"I am not hurt—not hurt. But where is Rex?" she asked, looking anxiously around.

"I think, madam," replied the colonel, bowing with awkward and old-fashioned courtesy, "that he is just



Her Mount Reared.

crossing the Rocky mountains by this time, if he kept on going at the rate he started. But may I take you home?"

He motioned toward the vociferous red car that panted and rumbled by the roadside.

With Roberts riding stiffly behind, talking at intervals to the passenger, they made their way slowly across the long bridge and over the broad valley toward the wide-porch bungalow-dwelling of the Dewey ranch.

The next day the colonel sat in his leather chair and again went over the affair at the ravine. A long time he mused, and now and again a smile lighted the bronzed face. Twenty years in the army, four at West Point—yes, it was time. He would think more about it.

From that time it was a race between the colonel and the lieutenant. The colonel drove as swiftly as ever; the lieutenant took lonely horseback rides. Then one evening Roberts called on his commander.

"I would like absence for a few days, sir."

"Going to leave us?" queried the colonel. "You know we may have marching orders for the maneuvers soon."

"No—no, not a great distance, sir." The lieutenant was embarrassed.

The leave was granted and the colonel was secretly glad to do it. The field would be clear for awhile, at least. He ordered his car for the early evening.

"See that it is in perfect trim, James," said he to his servant. "I may want to take a long run."

Out over the open plains he went, 30 miles an hour, the fresh breath of the level lands beating his face and the inspiration of wide reaches of untrammelled view delighting his eyes. Turning into the valley along the river, he came to the tall cottonwoods, where the hiding places of savages, with whom the early commanders of the garrison had fought. The lamps flickered on the underbrush.

What—stop! Reverse the engine! Close in front were rearing figures. Two horses were plunging in the road-side, one had fallen, tangled in a barbed wire fence that some reckless farmer had strung close to the road. The colonel leaped from his car and ran to help the travelers out of their predicament.

"Be careful, miss—there, I'll help you up," and he lifted from the vines and tall grasses beside the road a slender form garbed in gray.

"Is she hurt?" came a voice from the depth of the tangled saplings, as her companion forced his way toward them

Turning, the colonel recognized in the bedraggled cavalier—Roberts.

He almost feared to look at the young woman who was regaining her feet—but he did. It was as he suspected.

"I am so sorry—" he began. "I supposed there was a clear road."

"We don't blame you at all," replied Roberts, cheerfully, "but the fact is, it is somewhat embarrassing. Grace—Miss Dewey's horse has run off and we—that is, well, we want to get to Rockwell City mighty bad—and quick!"

"I am sure it was no fault of yours," added the young woman, now regaining her feet and showing a constantly increasing discomfort.

The red motor car glared at the trio wickedly as if it were glad it had disconcerted the plans of any enemy of its master.

"Now, colonel, I hate to tell you this," began Roberts, nervously. "I am sure you will sympathize with me and with Grace—Miss Dewey. You see, colonel, we are—that is, well, we are going to be married."

If the red automobile had turned somersaults, if the river had suddenly stood on end, the colonel could scarcely have been more taken aback. He turned his face so that it would not show pale in the glare of the pilot lamp.

"Yes, I understand," he finally managed to say.

"And Miss Dewey's father does not like it very well," with the suspicion of a laugh in the words. "In fact, he will probably be after us when he finds out. We have come this roundabout way to throw him off the track—and you see where we are?"

"Yes, I see," was the slow response. The colonel's voice was strangely cold, and he was conscious of the distinct effort in getting the words out in the proper form. "I see. You are afraid he will catch you before you are married? He does not like army men?"

There was an odd twist in the colonel's voice as if he, too, were inclined to smile.

"Fears has his prejudices, you know," put in Miss Dewey, demurely. "He will miss us before long," the lieutenant's words fairly dripped with excitement. He peered anxiously down the road. "And Grace's horse has gone for good."

"My duty is clear," began the colonel, his voice still husky. "I know very well that you young people should be taken in charge. You, lieutenant, should be put under arrest, and you, Miss Grace, ought to be turned over to your father. You both know that this should be done."

He had not looked at them while he talked—now that he did, he saw that Roberts' arm was around the rancher's daughter, and that her eyes were gazing appealingly toward him. He always had admired those blue eyes—he looked into them, his heart in the glance, then with a dash of his hand wiped out the vision.

"You scapegraces deserve this—but I don't know that your father, miss, is any friend of mine. Where did you say you wanted to go?"

"To Rockwell City—to a minister's," eagerly exclaimed Roberts.

"Climb in here—send that horse of yours up the road—we'll get him in the morning." His orders were positive and definite.

A stroke of the whip and the lieutenant's mount was racing up the path after the ranch girl's Rex. Roberts and Grace clambered into the car. With a crunch the car started, and in another minute they were speeding toward Rockwell City, 40 miles an hour.

Up the deserted street, across the railroad tracks, past the hotel with its many lights they sped. With a jolt they stopped at a modest dwelling on a side street. Col. Leith was first to leap from the car.

Gently he helped the young woman from her place, and his strong hand was in hers as he gave her to Roberts' care.

"This is a very informal and undignified proceeding, young people," he began. "I am sorry to see you do this way." He was talking against time, for so long as he talked her hand lay in his. "I am not going to give my approval—but I will give my blessing."

He hesitated a little. "As for you, Lieut. Roberts, if you show yourself on the reservation for two weeks, you will be placed in the guard-house. Good luck—good-by!"

As the colonel left the town behind on his way to the post, he met an eager rider hurrying cityward. He might have told him some interesting news had he wished. Instead, he pushed the car to a swifter speed. Why cause people unnecessary worry?

Now and Then a Crook Reforms.

Once a criminal, always a criminal, is not of necessity an unbreakable rule. One of our biggest patent medicine men, gray-headed, a multimillionaire, and all that, was the "Long Jim" of the Cadiz bank robbery of 40 years ago. He escaped from the Columbus (O.) penitentiary through the intervention of a friend, who himself—for a blind—kept a livery stable in New York, while carrying to success such crime triumphs as the Ocean bank robbery. Our reformed "Long Jim" doesn't believe that his identity is known to a living man and is in all respects a most excellent citizen.—Broadway Magazine.

"Protection" in Britain.

By the patent act, which recently passed the British parliament and has already gone into effect, it becomes necessary for foreign holders of patents under British authority to erect and operate works in Great Britain for the production of articles thus patented. Foreign patentees under the old act were protected against competition by their patent rights, but did not have to produce in the country which protected their patents.

## HOUSE GOWN



For house or reception year, both now and during the coming summer, this beautiful gown will be most appropriate. The body portion of the waist is of orchid yellow marquisette, over a lining of taffeta. The yoke band is of tulle, and the square bertha yoke-facing and cuff bands are of cream-colored lace. The skirt is made with a one-piece foundation, having a circular flounce, and a four-piece over-skirt. The foundation and circular flounce are of the marquisette, and the four-piece over-skirt is of the all-over lace. If desired, the overskirt and circular flounce may be made of one material, the former embroidered by hand, or trimmed with buttons and braid loops.

For 36 bust the waist requires 5 yards of material 20 inches wide, 23 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; 5/8 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for collar, yoke-facing and arm-bands.

### HIGH-CROWNED HAT IN BURNED STRAW.



With clusters of "blow-aways." The newest shape neck ruffle in brown tulle, tied at the side with brown satin ribbon.

### Balance in Furniture.

To lay down a set of rules for arranging the furniture in any room is obviously impossible, as fittings differ so radically. But there are certain things that can be done successfully with furniture and others that spoil the appearance of the most expensive fitted-up apartment. First and foremost of these is "balance" a room, meaning by that not to get all the heavy pieces or all the large pictures on one side. If, for example, there is a large sofa against one wall, across from there should be a table that is in proportion, or a heavy chair or something like that, to preserve the equalities. It need not be exactly across, but somewhere on the other side, to avoid looking as though, were the floor swung one side, it would go down and the other come up. In rearranging a room the rugs, if any are used, should be taken up, and the floors left so that the chairs, etc., can be easily moved to experiment for the best placing.

### SHORT SLEEVES LOSING VOEGUE.

Parisian Modistes Declare for Change in Fashion.

As usual, sleeves are of prime importance in the warm weather wardrobe, says Mrs. Osborn in the *Decorative*. More than any other detail of the toilet they betray the exact date of its creation. "A gown is as old as its sleeve" is an axiom of the dressmaking profession.

In Paris the short sleeve is already passe. The American woman, however, will not drop it abruptly for the long sleeve. She will be inclined to temperize on account of the heat of our long summer, but by autumn it is a certainty that the short sleeve will have been laid to rest.

One of the best examples of the typical small sleeve is used in the tailleur. It is full length, of course, close fitting and with no perceptible fullness at the armhole. An excellent phase of it is illustrated in the costume of shantung in the shade called "ashes of violets." The little coat has a narrow notched collar back

### FOR THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

Dainty Lingerie That is Considered the Mode.

Although the small maiden may have an assortment of silk slips she never wears a separate silk petticoat or one trimmed with ribbons. Her white skirts are carefully measured an inch shorter than her frocks, and are of somewhat heavier materials, preferably muslin or cambric. These may have deep flounces or embroidered muslin flapping with heading, to accompany lingerie dresses, or several ruffles of dotted and figured swiss may be used, as this launders well, looks exceedingly dainty and is inexpensive. To the white petticoat is usually attached an underwaist of similar material and beading finish, through which may be run very narrow white, light blue or pink ribbons. This waist may be joined by means of a band or cut in one with the umbrella shaped petticoat, thus avoiding unnecessary bulk about the hips if the child be somewhat stout. Some little girls wear beneath the outer petticoat a shorter skirt and drawers cut in one piece and joined at the waistline to a correct cover substitute that is worn over a little spun silk or lisle shirt. The French lingerie imported for small maidens has beading joined seams and in sets comprising waist, drawers, long and short petticoats and gown all trimmed lightly with dainty embroidery.

### For the Stout Woman.

The stout woman will look well to the construction of her corset cover. It should have as many pieces to it as possible, as it will be stronger and fit better and there should be no ruffle about the bottom, but simply a band to make as little fullness as possible.

### Of Dark Blue Linen.

A suit of dark blue linen is trimmed at the collar and cuffs with blue souchette, while the skirt and coat are finished with large blue bone buttons. The skirt of this suit is circular, with a flat back.

### Of Voile and Taffeta.

Some suits are composed of a voile skirt with a wide band of taffeta at the foot, and a coat of taffeta. The girdle is made of taffeta and is about six inches wide.

### and a deep V-shaped closing in the front that is caught to one side with a darker tone chon of silk, plaited and ruffled into a clever semblance of a double violet.

The sleeve is most interesting and unusual, for it has but one seam, and that on the outside of the arm. The sleeve buttons from the elbow to the wrist with a bias line of great buttonholes bound in cloth, and small round cloth-covered buttons. The armhole of the coat is turned under and piped so that the seam is as flat as possible.

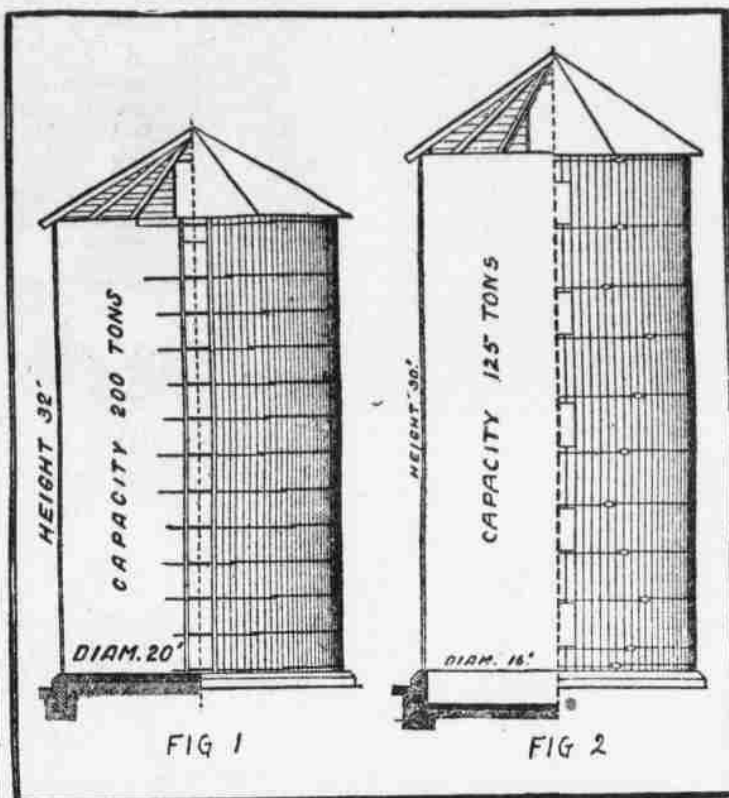
### For Mourning Wear.

Some years ago a movement against crape took place in England, of which the influence was felt in America. The swing of the pendulum has now once more brought crape in favor for mourning use, and it is an English manufacture—even in Paris English crape is used—British manufacturers are rejoicing. The recent death of the duke of Devonshire has thrown a great number of families into mourning, and the abundance of crape used is very noticeable.

Silk muslin gowns show cloth belts.

## FARMERS WHO HAVE MADE A TEST OF SILO

Consensus of Opinion Is That It Is Indispensable to Profitable Livestock Raising and Dairying.



Two Good Silos.—Fig. 1: A 200-Ton Silo With Continuous Doors. Fig. 2: A 125-Ton Silo Without Continuous Doors.

The silo is winning its way on to the farms of the country because it is proving to be an indispensable equipment for winter feeding of stock, especially cows in milk.

The most conclusive proof that the silo is all it claims to be is that in every community where it goes it rapidly wins its way to universal favor. On this point one farmer writes: "Five years ago I was one of a half dozen farmers in this neighborhood who built silos. Now there are as many put up each year, which I consider good evidence that the silo is practical and has come to stay."

To illustrate its practical points, this enthusiast goes on to tell of his methods: "On our farm we have a silo 12 by 20 feet, and foundation extending into the ground two feet, making it 22 feet deep. For the best results, I think 12 by 24 feet is the best size, then if I wanted more feed than a silo of this size would hold, I would build another."

"We fill our silo when the corn is well dented or just before it is ripe enough to make fodder. We have four men in the field, two to cut the corn and pile it in bunches and the other two to load the corn and fodder to the wagons. It usually takes three wagons, owing of course to the distance from the silo. We have our own cutting box and horse power and cut the silage very short, about one-half inch. It packs better when short and this makes it keep better. In filling the silo it takes one man in the silo to keep it level and mixed, as the blowers separate the corn from the fodder."

Still another farmer in writing to the *Northwestern Agriculturist* declares unhesitatingly that he has found silage to be the best and cheapest silage feed he can produce. "For the dairy herd it is difficult to find its equal. A few years ago I found it necessary to transfer my cows to the barn away from the silo while making some changes in the fixtures of the basement of the barn where the cows are regularly kept. During this time the cows received no silage, but were fed on some extra fine clover hay, etc. On this change of feed the decrease in milk was one-third, but as soon as I changed them back to the silage they soon regained in the milk."

"As a feed for breeding ewes and for fattening lambs there is nothing better. For 33 years I have made a

specialty of registered sheep and wish to say for the benefit of others that corn silage is o. k.

"When you build a silo, build a good one and you will have no trouble with poor ensilage. If the silo is properly constructed the ensilage will keep for years. I have fed it to great advantage during July and August, those trying months when pasture is usually short and dry."

"A great many farmers make the mistake of cutting the corn too green. I try to raise the heaviest crop of corn possible and then place it in the silo about the same time I would if it were to be husked; or, in other words, when it is fit to cure for crop corn; then you will have good ensilage."

"For wintering brood sows, the corn silage can be fed to good advantage. Young pigs will come more strong and heavy than if the sows are given other feeds that are not so succulent in their nature."

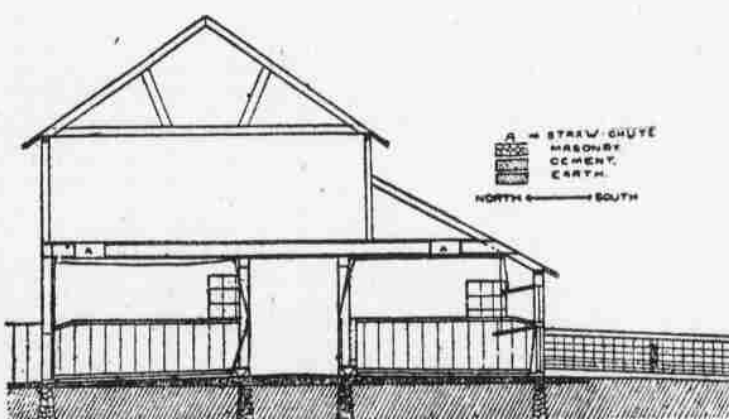
Another farmer who has a silo says that previous to his feeding ensilage his dairy of 25 cows did not show much profit through the late fall, winter and early spring on account of the high price of hay, rough feed and milk feed.

The bureau of animal industry, which has from time to time issued valuable bulletins concerning the building and filling of silos, gives the following directions for the construction of silos: "Fig. 1 shows a 200-ton silo with continuous doors. The foundation wall is laid up from below the frost line, and the cement floor covers the area within the foundation wall. The door posts are held in position by sections of iron pipe through which pass iron bolts."

"Fig. 2 shows a silo of 125-ton capacity without continuous doors. The foundation wall should be reinforced by iron hoops or wire embedded in the concrete near the top if the wall extends more than one foot above the ground."

"In the erection of these silos the staves are spiked together at intervals of about five feet. A half-inch hole is bored to a depth of about one inch if staves are two by four inches, and to a depth of three inches in staves two by six inches, to allow the counter-sinking of the nail heads so as to keep them within the stave after the usual shrinkage and to give the nail sufficient hold."

## A Practical Plan for a Piggery



The above diagram shows a cross section of a piggery building 34 feet wide which may be of any desired length. The foundation is of stone, but may be built of concrete to be in keeping with the floor and the piers which are concrete. The floor is in two layers, the lower three inches being composed of coarse gravel seven parts and cement one part, the upper inch being mixed three parts sand and one of cement. The alley running throughout the center of the building is six feet wide with a crowned floor one-half inch higher in the center to insure its being kept perfectly dry. The floors of the pens are given a fall

of two inches from the alley to the outer doors. The partitions are constructed of one and a quarter inch boards cut into three-foot lengths. These are placed in an upright position the bottom ends resting on a two-by-four and the tops capped with similar material. The left above is about eight feet high on the posts, and furnishes an abundance of room for storage of straw, crates, crate materials, etc. No meal feed should be stored here. The illustration shows the ropes and pulleys by which the door and ventilators are opened and closed from the feeding alleys. On the right side the door and ventilator are open; on the left side closed.

Mice in Corn Crib.—Even though care and pains are taken and no rats can get in the corn crib sometimes mice will do so and cause some damage. It is a good plan to take the cat once in a while and put her in the crib. She may catch a mouse at once, but at any rate if there are any mice she will give them a good scare and may make them seek other quarters.

Don't Be Rash.—An old poultryman says: "Very few men have it in them to start out with 3,000 or 4,000 hens and make a success of it. Better leave

UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT.



Lady—Your little brother seems to be bright for his age, doesn't he? Little Maggie—Well, I should say so. Why, he knows the name of almost every player in the big leagues.

### The Villain's Escape.

In an amateur play a fugitive from justice was supposed to have escaped from his pursuers by concealing himself under the table. The table was small and the terrified fugitive somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed on the stage and fell over the legs of the man he was searching for.

Picking himself up and indifferently rubbing his shins, he convulsed his audience by exclaiming in true dramatic style:

"Ha! ha! The dastardly villain has eluded us again."

### In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### A Willing Tool.

"Since young Jim De Peyster, who belongs to one of our best families, lost his money, he has gone into the social burglary business."

"Social burglary?"

"Yes; he chaperones rich parvenus."

"How is that burglary?"

"He helps them to break into society with a Jimmy."

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### Looking Forward.

"Don't you get tired of being referred to as the representative of mediocrity?"

"Sure, I do," answered Ananias. "I'd rather be something profitable, such as a malefactor of great wealth."—Washington Star.

My splendid 95,000 acre tract near San Antonio, Texas, is almost all sold, its farms with town lots, good water, fine soil, from 10 to 640 acres, and 2 town lots for \$210 payable \$10 monthly. Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

### Again.

Museum Attendant—We cannot tell whether this mammal is one or several million years old.

Old Gentleman—Hem. I see. Female of its species, eh?

A GOOD INCOME ASSURED, increasing value guaranteed, buy farm land in the famous Atascosa County, Texas, from 10 to 640 acres of land and 2 town lots for \$210, payments \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision.—Ruskin.

\$210 at \$10 per month buys farm from 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots of the richest farm land in Texas, pure water, fine soil. A great opportunity. For literature and views of land write, Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

### A Drawback.

The great trouble with some men is that they can have self-respect without half trying.

LEVEL HEADED PEOPLE write at once to Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas, for information about the sale of his lands, as fine as South Texas affords, 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots for \$210 at \$10 per month.

### No Need for It.

Citizen (curiously)—Can women where you come from make their will? Stranger (sadly)—They don't have to. They've got it ready made.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use FETTER'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Brought Humble Flower into Favor. Lord Beaconsfield's love for the humble primrose has been perpetuated by the foundation of the Primrose league.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It's a lucky turn for the theatrical manager when he is compelled to turn people away from the box office.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

It's a wise wife who knows her own husband.

